

## PLAY FORTY-FOUR- The Death of Mary

### (The Drapers)

**GABRIEL** Hail, mightful Marie, God's mother so mild,  
Hail be thou, root of all rest, hail be thou royal.  
Hail flower and fruit not faded nor (de)filed,  
Hail, salve to all sinful; now say thee I shall,  
Thy Son to thyself me has sent  
His \*sand, and \*\*soothly he says, (\*sound, message) (\*\*truly)  
No longer than the three days  
Here left thee this life that is lent. (i.e. you have three days left to live)

And therefore he bids thee look that thou blithe be,  
For to that bigly bliss that \*bird will thee bring (\*Christ-child, scion)  
There to sit with himself, all solace to see,  
And to be crowned for his queen and he himself king  
In mirth that ever shall be new.  
He sends to thee worthily, \*iwis, (\*I know; it is true)  
This \*palm out of paradise (\*palm-leaf)  
In tokening that it shall be true.

### **MARIA**

I thank my Son seemly of all his \*sandis \*\*sere; (\*messages) (\*\*many, diverse)  
Unto him lastingly be \*ay loving (\*always, ever)  
That me thus worthily would \*menske on this manner (\*honour)  
And to his bigly bliss my bones for to bring.  
But, good sir, \*nevenes me thy name? (\*name)

**GABRIELL** Gabriel, that \*baynly \*\*gan bring (\*obediently, humbly) (\*\*did)  
The \*bode-word of his bearing, (\*promise, bidding)  
\*Forsooth, Lady, I am the same. (\*for truth)

**MARIA** Now, Gabriel, that \*soothly is from my Son sent, (\*truly)  
I thank thee the tidings thou tells me \*until, (\*unto)  
And loved be that Lord of the \*lane that has me lent, (\*loan, gift)  
[LINE MISSING]  
And dear Son, I beseech thee,  
Great God, thou grant me thy grace,  
Thine apostles to have in this place  
That they at my \*bering may be. (\*bearing, burying)

**GABRIELL** Now, food fairest of face, most faithful and free,  
Thine asking thy Son has grant of his grace,  
And says all same in sight ye shall see  
All his apostles appear in this place

To work all thy will at thy wending.  
And soon shall thy pains be passed  
And thou to be in life that shall last  
Evermore without any ending.

**JOHANNES** Marie, my mother, that mild is and meek  
And chief chosen for chaste, now tell me, what cheer?

**MARIA** John, son, I say thee \*forsooth I am sick; (\*in truth)  
My sweet Son \*sonde I \*\*hente, right now it was here (\*sound/messenger)  
(\*grasped, encountered)

And doubtless he says I shall die.  
Within three days, \*iwis, (\*I know; truly)  
I shall be \*belded in bliss (\*shielded)  
And come to his own company.

**JOHANNES**  
Ah, with thy leave, Lady, thou \*nevene it me not, (\*name, mention)  
Ne(ver) tell me no tidings to twin us in two,  
For be thou, blessed \*bird, unto \*\*bere brought (\*maiden) (\*\*bier, burial)  
Evermore whilst I \*wonne in this world will me be full woe; (\*dwell, live)  
Therefore let it stint, and be still.

**MARIA** Nay John, son, myself now I see.  
At God's will must it need be;  
Therefore be it wrought at his will.

**JOHANNES** A, worthy, when thou art went will me be full woe,  
But God give the apostles \*wiste of thy wending. (\*knowledge)

**MARIA** Yes John, son, for certain shall it be so.  
All shall they heartily be here at mine ending.  
The \*sonde of my Son said me thus, (\*messenger)  
That soon shall my penance be past  
And I to be in life that ever shall last,  
Then \*baynly to \*\*belde in that bliss. (\*obediently, humbly) (\*\*shelter, dwell)

**PETRUS** O God, omnipotent, the giver of all grace,  
*Benedicite Dominus*, a cloud now full clear [Praise the Lord]  
\*Umbelappid me in Jude(a) preaching as I was, (\*enveloped, overlapped)  
And I have \*mickle marvel how that I come here. (\*great)

**JACOBUS** Ah, cease, of this assembling can I not say  
How and in what wise that we are here met,  
Either mirth or of mourning mean well it may

For suddenly in sight here soon was I set.

**ANDREAS** Ah, \*bredir, by my witting and \*iwis so were we (\*brethren) (\*truly)  
In diverse lands \*lely I \*\*wot we were \*\*\*lente, (\*faithfully) (\*\*know) (\*\*settled)  
And how we are (as)sembled thus can I not see  
But as God of his \*sande has us same sent. (\*message)

**JOHANNES** Ah, fellows, let be your \*fare, (\*discussion)  
For as God will it must needs be,  
That peerless is of \*posté, (\*power)  
His might is to do mickle more.

For Marie, that worthy, shall wend now, I \*wene, (\*believe)  
Unto that bigly bliss that high \*bairn \*\*baynly us bought (\*child) (\*\*humbly)  
That we in her sight all same might be seen  
Ere she dissever us fro(m), her Son she besought.  
And thus has he wrought at her will  
When she shall be brought on a \*bere (\*bier, burial)  
That we may be \*nighing her near (\*approaching)  
This time for to tend her \*until. (\*unto)

**MARIA** Jesu, my darling that \*ding is and dear, (\*worthy)  
I thank thee my dear Son of thy great grace  
That I all this fair fellowship at hand now has here,  
That they me some comfort may \*kythe in this case. (\*know, utter)  
This sickness it \*sitis me full sore; (\*afflicts, hurts)  
My maidens, take keep now on me  
And cast some water upon me.  
I faint, so feeble I fare.

**I ANCILLA** Alas, for my Lady that (g)leamed so light  
That ever I lived in this \*lede thus long for to \*\*lende, (\*land) (\*\*live)  
That I on this seemly should see such a sight.

**II ANCILLA** Alas, help, she dies in our \*hende. (\*hands)  
Ah, Marie, of me have thou mind  
[LINE MISSING]  
Some comfort us two for to \*kythe, (\*know, utter)  
Thou knows we are come of thy \*kind.

**MARIA**  
What ails you women for woe thus \*wynly to weep? (\*wantonly, excessively)  
Ye do me \*dere with your din, for me must needs die. (\*harm)  
Ye should, when ye saw me so slip and sleep,  
Have left all your \*late and let me lie. (\*fuss)  
John, cousin, \*garre them stint and be still. (\*get, make)

**JOHANNES** Ah, Marie, that mild is of mood,  
When thy Son was raised on a \*rood, (\*rod, cross)  
To tend thee he took me thee \*till, (\*to)

And therefore at thy bidding full \*bayne will I be. (\*obedient)  
If there be ought, mother, that I amend may,  
I pray thee, mildest of mood, move thee to me,  
And I shall, dear-worthy dame, do it \*ilke a day. (\*each, every)

**MARIA** Ah, John, son, that this pain were over past.  
With good heart ye all that are here  
Pray for me faithfully in \*feere, (\*fellowship, together)  
For I \*mon wend from you as fast. (\*must)

**I JUDEUS** Ah, food fairest of face, most faithful to find,  
Thou maiden and mother that mild is and meek,  
As thou art courteous and come of our kind  
All our sins for to cease thy Son thou beseek  
With mercy to mend us of \*mys. (\*misdeeds, sin)

**II JUDEUS** Since thou, Lady, come of our kin,  
Thou help us now, thou \*veray virgin, (\*true)  
That we may be brought unto bliss.

**MARIA** Jesu, my Son, for my sake beseek I thee this,  
As thou art gracious and great God, thou grant me thy grace.  
They that is come of my kind and amend will their \*mys, (\*misdeeds sin)  
Now specially thou them speed and spare them a space,  
And be their \*belde, if thy will be; (\*shelter, comfort)  
And dear Son, when I shall die,  
I pray thee then, for thy mercy,  
The fiend thou let me not see.

And also, my blessed bairn, if thy will be,  
I sadly beseek thee, my Son, for my sake,  
Men that are stood stiffly in storms or in sea  
And are in will \*wittirly my worship to awake (\*wittingly, utterly)  
And then \*nevenes my name in that need, (\*names, mentions)  
Thou let them not perish nor spill;  
Of this boon, my Son, at thy will,  
Thou grant me specially to speed.

Also, my blisshed bairn, thou grant me my boon,  
All that are in new or in need and \*nevens me be name, (\*names, mentions)  
I pray thee, Son, for my sake, thou succour them soon,

In all their \*scours that are sharp thou shield them from shame. (\*scourges, harms)  
And women also in their \*childing, (\*childbirth)  
Now special thou them speed,  
And if so be they die in that dread,  
To thy bliss then \*baynly thou them bring. (\*humbly, obediently)

**JESUS** Marie, my mother, through thee might now of me  
For to make thee in mind with mirth to be mending,  
Thine asking all holy here \*heete I now thee. (\*behest, promise)  
But mother, the fiend must be need at thine ending  
In figure full foul for to \*fear thee; (\*frighten)  
Mine angels shall then be about thee.  
And therefore, dear dame, thou there not doubt thee,  
For doubtless thy \*dede shall not dear thee. (\*death, deed) (\*\*harm)

And therefore, my mother, come mildly to me,  
For after the \*Sonne my \*\*sande will I send, (\*son? sunset?) (\*\*messenger)  
And to sit with myself all solace to see  
In \*ay-lasting life in liking to \*\*lende. (\*ever-lasting) (\*\*live)  
In this bliss shall be thy \*bilding, (\*comfort, shelter)  
Of mirth shall thou never have missing  
But evermore abide in my blissing.  
All this shall thou have at thy wielding.

**MARIA** I thank thee, my sweet Son, for \*certis I am sick. (\*surely, certainly)  
I may not now move me, for mercy almost  
To thee, Son mine that made me, thy maiden so meek,  
Here through thy grace, God Son, I give thee my \*ghost. (\*soul, spirit)  
My \*sely soul I thee send (\*simple)  
To heaven that is highest on height;  
To thee, Son mine, that most is of might,  
Receive it here into thine hand.

**JESUS**  
Mine angels lovely of \*late, lighter than the \*\*leaven, (\*face, appearance)  
(\*lightning)  
Into the earth \*wightly I will that ye wend (\*quickly)  
And bring me my mother to the highest of heaven  
With mirth and with melody her mood for to mend,  
For here shall her bliss never be \*blynnande. (\*ending)  
My mother shall mildly by me  
Sit next the high Trinity  
And never in two to be \*twinand. (\*twinning, divided)

**I ANGELUS** Lorde, at thy bidding full \*bayne will I be, (\*obedient)

That flower that never was faded full \*fayne will we \*\*fette. (\*joyfully) (\*\*fetch)

**II ANGELUS** And at thy will, good Lord, work will we  
With solace on \*ilke side that seemly umsitte. (\*each, every) (\*\*sit around)

**III ANGELUS** Let us \*fonde to her fast her force to defend, (\*go)  
That bird for to bring unto this bliss bright.  
Body and soul we shall here ascend  
To reign in this regally be regent full right.

**IV ANGELUS** To bliss that bird for to bring,  
Now Gabriel, let us \*wightly be \*\*wendand; (\*quickly) (\*\*wending, going)  
This maiden mirth to be \*mendand (\*mending)  
A seemly song let us sing.

*Cum uno diabolo.*

**[A devil comes.]**

*Et cantant antiphona, scilicet, Ave regina celorum.*

**[And they sing an antiphon, “Hail Queen of Heaven]**